AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

MARA·L·PRATT

I

THE BEGINNER'S BOOK

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AMERICA'S STORY

FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

PEABODY SCHOOL
H. W. MEANS, Prin.

BY

MARA L. PRATT

IN FIVE VOLUMES

I. THE BEGINNER'S BOOK

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN.

By MARA L. PRATT.

I. **The Beginner's Book.** History Stories for Second Reader Classes.

II. **Exploration and Discovery.** 1000 to 1609.

III. **The Early Colonies.** 1565 to 1733.

IV. **The Later Colonial Period.** 1733 to 1765.

V. **The Foundations of the Republic.**

Printed from large type. Fully illustrated from authentic sources. Bound in cloth, each volume containing about 160 pages.

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With fifty-nine illustrations
four of which are in color

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America's Story for America's Children

I. THE NORTHMEN

AWAY up in the Northland, where the ice and snow never melt, lived little Prince Eric.

He did not live in a palace, as the princes in fairy stories do. In the summer he lived in a hut on the hillside; and in the winter he lived in a cave in the mountains.

Eric liked the winter. For then the men built roaring fires in the caves, and sat and told wonderful stories and sang wonderful songs.

LEIF ERICSON.

From the statue by Miss A. Whitney, Boston, Mass.

They told stories of the sun and the moon, and of the thunder and the lightning. They told stories of the rainbow, and of the frosts and the snow.

"Why does the warm summer go away?" Prince Eric asked one day. "And why does the long, cold winter come?"

"It is because the Summer and the Frost Giants have had a battle," Eric's father said. "The Frost Giants have won the battle and have put Summer to sleep. But by and by Summer will wake. Then he will whisper to the trees and to the flowers, and they will send out their leaves to make the world glad again. He will breathe upon the brooks that are covered with ice, and they will dance and sing. Then the Frost Giants will have to run away to their homes in the ice mountains; for they cannot live here when Summer is awake."

Little Prince Eric liked a storm. He liked to hear the thunder roar, and to see the lightning flash.

"The rumble of the thunder is the voice of the god Thor," his father said; "and the lightning is the flash of his eye."

One day Prince Eric saw a beautiful rainbow. He had never seen one before, and it was very wonderful to him. "Tell me the story of the rainbow," he cried.

Then one of the story-tellers sat down before the fire and sang to the little prince the story of the rainbow.

"It is a bridge," the story-teller sang; "and down the bridge good Odin comes. Odin loves the earth-children, and comes to us often as we sleep in our caves. We cannot see him, but he watches over us always. Sometimes he lets us see his beautiful rainbow bridge. Sometimes the Frost Giants try to climb up the bridge to the home of Odin. Then the great god Thor is angry! We can hear his voice roaring among the clouds. We can see his eyes flash fire, and we can hear the *Crash! Crash! Crash!* of his great hammer as he throws it across the sky."

By and by, when Prince Eric had grown to be a man, he built for himself a great ship and sailed out into the open sea.

"I will find new lands," he said.

As he sailed away, his men sang:

"I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!
I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!"

Eric sailed and sailed till he came to the island of Iceland. Here he made a new home for himself and his people.

By and by Eric had a little son. He named him Leif, but the people always called the child *Eric's son.*

Now Leif Ericson was a brave little prince. He liked to listen to the stories that his father told about the old home in the Northland. He liked to hear about the wonderful voyage his father had made across the sea. He was proud that his father was so great a hero.

"I will be a hero," Leif said, as he grew older.

Peabody

So when he became a man, he too set out upon the sea with a crew of brave Northmen. He sailed out into the west till he came to Greenland. Then he sailed on and on till he came to a long shore that reached north and south as far as he could see. This was the shore of our own country, and these Northmen were the first white men that had ever come to it.

"This must be a large island," Leif said. So he drove his big ship toward the shore and landed.

The Skrellings, as Leif called the natives, because of the squealing noises they made, came down to the shore to see what this strange ship was, and why it had come.

"It is a big dragon!" the Skrellings said. "See its head and its tail! How they shine in the sunlight!".

It is no wonder the Skrellings thought that it was a dragon; for a Northman's ship in those days was built to look like a dragon

as you will see from the first colored picture in this book. The front of the ship was high, and had a fierce-looking head upon it. The stern of the ship, too, was high, and was built in the shape of a dragon's tail. The head and tail were covered with gold, and the gold shone in the sunlight like fire. Another kind of ship built by the Northmen is shown at the end of this chapter.

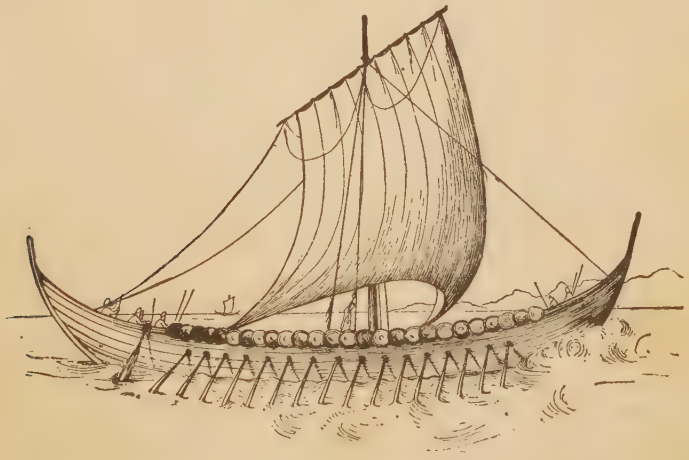
How strange the dragon ship must have looked as it sailed along upon the water! Is it any wonder the poor Skrellings were afraid when they saw it coming into their harbor?

But the Skrellings could frighten the Norsemen sometimes. One day they came down to the shore with long poles. On the ends of the poles were big, blue balls, which made a whizzing noise as the Skrellings whirled them about.

The Northmen had never seen anything like them, and swam away to their ships as fast as ever they could.

On this first visit to our country the North-

men found more wild grapes than they could eat or carry away. They had never seen so much fruit in all their lives. So when they went back to their own land, Leif Ericson said, "Behold, we have found a wonderful country across the waters; and we have named it Vineland!"



A NORTHMAN'S SHIP.

This picture was drawn from a ship which had been buried for hundreds of years away up in the Northland.

A Mazer, or Wooden Drinking-cup.

II. OLAF AND SNORRI

Leif Ericson did not care to make his home in this Vineland he had found.

"It is warm and very beautiful there," he said; "but I love the ice and snow of the North. Let others dwell in Vineland if they will. I will stay in Greenland, where the ice sparkles and where the sky is bright with red and purple and gold."

One day as Leif Ericson sat in the doorway of his Northern hut, two gilded dragon-ships came sailing toward his shores.

"They are from Iceland!" he cried.

Then Leif's good friend Biorne (Be-ern) ran down to the shore to look.

"One is the ship of Karlsefni" (Karl-sef-nee), Biorne said. "I remember the stripes of blue and white with which he used to paint his ship."

Yes, it was the ship of Karlsefni. He had sailed for days and days across the waters to find his old friends, Leif and Biorne.

"Tell me," he said to Leif, "about this wonderful Vineland that you found in the west. Do its shores stretch north and south for miles and miles? Is the air soft and warm? Tell me about the trees that lost their leaves in the winter and found them again in the summer. Are there grapes and fruits of many kinds?"

"It is as you have said," Leif answered. He then told Karlsefni the long story of his voyage and of the land that he had found.

"Would not this new country make a good home for our people?" asked Karlsefni.

"It is indeed a beautiful country," said Leif.

Soon Karlsefni set out with his two ships

to find the land that Leif had discovered so many months before.

Now because Karlsefni went to make a home for his people, he took with him his beautiful fair-haired wife, Gudrid (Goo-drid), and Leif's brave little son, Olaf. The other men, too, took their families, and their household furniture, and their cows. They were as happy a band of colonists as ever crossed the seas.

By and by they reached this shore of ours, and landed not far from the place where Leif first found the grapes and the warm sunshine.

The men set to work with good will and soon built a village. They traded with the Skrellings for the warm, furry skins of the animals which they had killed. Everything went well with the new-comers and the natives.

Before long a little baby was born in the colony. Its father, Karlsefni, and its mother, Gudrid, were the proudest father and mother in all the world.

"The baby is a true little Norseman," said

Gudrid. "See how blue his eyes are, and how yellow his hair is!"

"He is beautiful like his mother, and strong like his father," said the people.

From the very day the baby was born Olaf loved him. He made a little hammock for him, such as those the Skrellings rocked their babies in; and he liked nothing better than to play with him the whole day long.

By and by Snorri (Snor-ree) — that was the baby's name — was big enough to walk. Then Olaf would take him down to the water side to play in the sand.

Now one reason Karlsefni came to this new land was to find mazer wood; for Leif Ericson had said, "There is much mazer wood in this country; enough for all the people in Europe."

"But what is mazer wood?" Olaf asked; for he was quite too young to know. So Leif explained to Olaf that mazer wood was the wood of those warts or burrs so often to be seen upon the trunks of trees. The people of Europe

wanted mazer wood because it was hard and tough and firm. It would neither break nor warp nor crack. People could carve upon it and it would endure for centuries as if it were rock.

Still Olaf wondered. Why did the people of Europe want this wood, even if it were so tough and firm?

But one day Karlsefni brought a fine large bowl from his ship and gave it to Olaf. "It is from our old home in Norseland," he said, "and it is made of mazer wood."

"This is what the people use mazer wood for, my boy," said Leif; and if the bowl had been lined with diamonds Olaf could not have been more pleased with it. There is a picture of one of these bowls at the beginning of this chapter.

So when at last Karlsefni and the people had built their village, the men set to work to find mazer wood.

"We will carry whole ship-loads of it to

Europe," Karlsefni said; "and it will make us as rich as kings."

The men set gladly to work felling the trees and cutting out the great burrs of mazer wood.

But first dams must be built on the rivers that led to the ocean; for the Norsemen had no horses or carts, and so must float the burrs down the river.

This was great fun for Olaf and Snorri. They liked to watch the ponds that were made by the dams, and they liked to see the great blocks of mazer wood floating down to the mouth of the river. Often the children made tiny dams in the brooks, and made believe float their own mazer-wood blocks; for, like all little folks, they tried to do what the grown-up people did.

Now it happened that the Skrellings did not like to have their rivers and trees put to this use, so more than once they fought the little colony; and one day Gudrid saw an old squaw looking through the bushes at the baby Snorri as he lay asleep in his hammock.

"Never take Snorri out of sight of the village," Karlsefni had said to Olaf many a time.

But one day Olaf went into the woods to set a trap. Snorri watched him as he went away. Then it came into his little head that he would follow Olaf. Like a true Norseman, off he set in search of adventure. He soon reached the woods, but where was Olaf? Snorri looked all around, but no Olaf was to be seen.

"Olaf! Olaf!" he shouted in his little baby voice. Still no Olaf. Then Snorri trudged on into the forest, down the little foot-path toward the lake.

"Olaf! Olaf!" he shouted again. There was no answer. The forest was very, very still. Just then it came into Snorri's head to be afraid. He looked around him; there were trees, trees everywhere. He could see no houses, no Olaf; he could see nothing but trees. Then Snorri sat down in the path and screamed and cried, and cried and screamed: "Olaf! Olaf! Oh! Oh! Oh!" So loudly did Snorri scream that Olaf

heard him and came running out from the forest.

"Olaf! Olaf!" wailed Snorri; and he cuddled his little yellow head down on Olaf's shoulder, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Don't cry, Snorri. Don't cry," said Olaf. "Climb up on my back and away we'll go!"

Now nothing pleased Snorri so well as to ride upon Olaf's back; so up he climbed and away ran Olaf down the forest path. There was one hill beyond which Olaf was not allowed to go. But this morning he forgot, and up the hill he ran, Snorri still upon his back.

There was a beautiful plain with fields of corn beyond the hill. There was a little pond, too, and Olaf thought it would be great fun for Snorri to sail ships upon its still waters. So on toward the pond Olaf went, talking to Snorri of the ships they would sail.

But soon Olaf heard a sound. It frightened him, and he tried to go back toward the edge of the wood. It was very strange, but he could not

find the foot-path anywhere. On and on and round and round he wandered; but the farther he wandered, the farther he was from the foot-path. It was beginning to grow dark. Poor Olaf! Poor Snorri! They were lost in the woods.

It grew darker and darker, and Olaf's heart grew heavier and heavier.

"I 'm so tired!" said Snorri.

Then Olaf made a bed of leaves, spread his own cloak over them, and laid Snorri upon the soft bed.

"So tired!" Snorri said again; and then he fell fast asleep. All night long Snorri slept, and all night long little Olaf lay by his side wondering what he should do. Would Karlsefni come and find them? Would the Skrellings steal them and carry them away to their wigwams? Would they starve to death in the forest?

Just then Olaf heard a crackling sound. Was it a Skrelling? Alas, it was; and in a

minute the savage sprang out from the bushes and seized Olaf by the shoulder. "Ugh! Ugh!" he said; and Snorri screamed and clung to Olaf.

"Ugh! Ugh!" said the Skrelling again; and away he marched, dragging Olaf and Snorri along as fast as their little legs could run.

It was a long, cruel journey. Olaf thought it would never end. But at last they came to the Skrelling village, and the Skrelling took the children to the wigwam of the chief.

"Ugh! Ugh!" said the chief; and he stared at the little white children till Snorri trembled with fear.

"Take Snorri home," sobbed Snorri. But Olaf could not take Snorri home; he could only hold him close in his arms and try to comfort him.

Then all the men and women of the tribe came and looked at Olaf and Snorri; and one good old squaw gave Snorri some milk.

Then some Skrelling children came and invited Olaf to play with them. But Olaf could

not understand; and if he had understood, he would not have cared for play.

But the little Skrelling children liked their white-faced visitors. So they stuck feathers in Olaf's hair and tried to daub his face with paints. They had feathers in their own hair and paint on their own faces, and they thought that Olaf should have some, too.

Snorri thought this was very funny, and when a little Skrelling put some red paint on Olaf's nose, Snorri laughed aloud. This made Olaf laugh, too. Soon the children were at play together, running races and throwing stones at a target.

But all this time there was great excitement in the home of Olaf and Snorri. Where were the children? Had the Skrellings stolen them?

Poor mother Gudrid's sweet face was pale with terror. Karlsefni's blue eyes flashed. "Ready, ready, my men!" said he; "search every corner in the forest!"

Then the men set out together into the

forest. "Here are footsteps," said they as they reached the foot-path. "And small ones — surely the children have been here." Then the men hurried on to the pond; but there they lost the trail. "They started toward the pond," said Karlsefni; "but there are no footsteps on the shore."

By and by the men found the little bed where Snorri had slept. There lay Olaf's little cloak, just as he had spread it over the leaves.

"See! see!" cried Karlsefni; and he pointed to the torn and broken branches where the Skrelling had broken through.

"A Skrelling has stolen them!" Karlsefni cried. Without another word the men hurried on.

"Yes, here are footsteps!" said the men. "See, large steps where the Skrelling walked. And on either side little footsteps, — Olaf's and Snorri's!"

"We must go to the Skrelling village," said Karlsefni. "The children are there."

So the men went back to their own village,

put their fort in order, and left half their force of men to guard it. Then the other half set forth up the river to rescue the children.

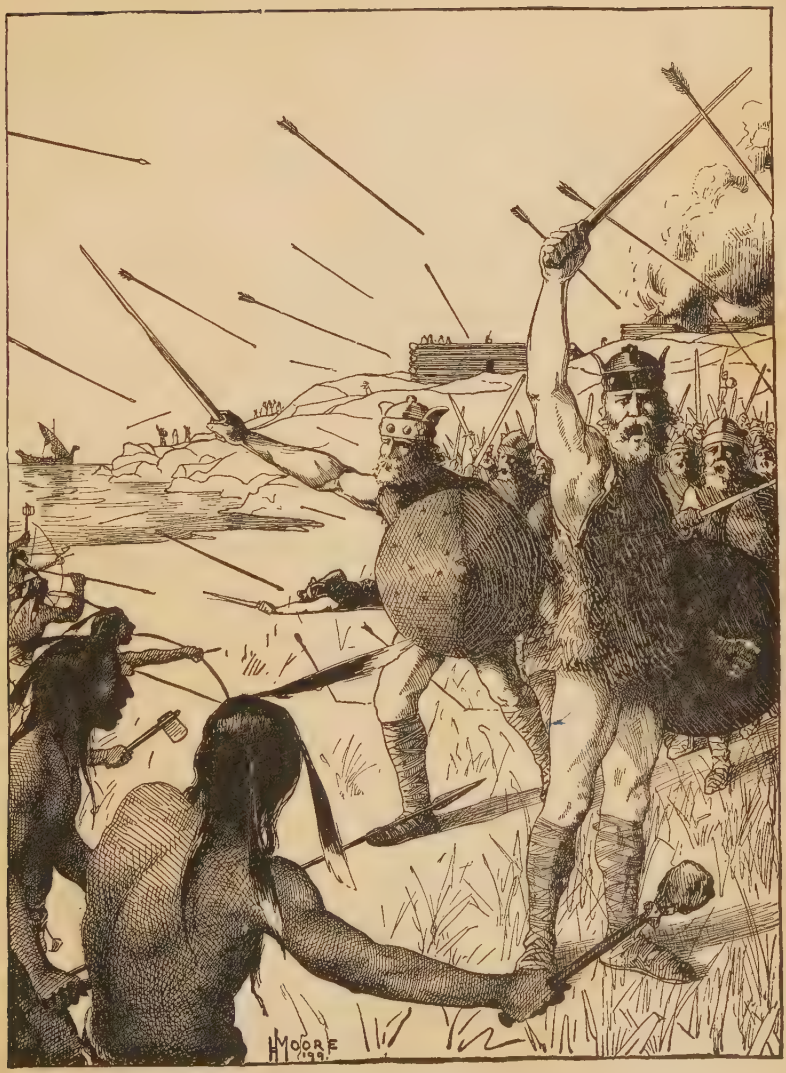
At midnight the fort was roused. "Whoop! whoop! whoop!"

"The Skrellings! the Skrellings!" whispered the guard; and in a twinkling every Norseman was ready with his spear. Then there was a terrible fight. The Skrellings burned the fort, and the Norse warriors hurried the women and children down to the ship, glad enough to escape. There on the ship the men waited for Karlsefni and his men to come back.

At last they came, and with them the two lost children, Olaf and Snorri.

"What is this?" cried Karlsefni, as he came over the hill and down into the village he had left.

"Hail! hail! hail!" shouted the Norsemen from the ship when they saw Karlsefni on the hilltop. But at the same time the Skrellings shouted "Whoop! whoop! whoop!" from the forests round about.



THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE NORSEMEN AND THE SKRELLINGS.

"They have burned our village! They have driven our people to the ship!" said Karlsefni. Without another word, he and his men rushed upon the savages.

There was another fierce fight, and the Skrellings were driven back into the forests.

"It is a very sorry-looking home," said Biorne, looking around upon the smoking village.

"Let us go back to our own home in the North," said one of the men. "Why stay here in the midst of Skrellings?"

"Yes, let us go," said Karlsefni. "The place for Northmen is upon the sea."

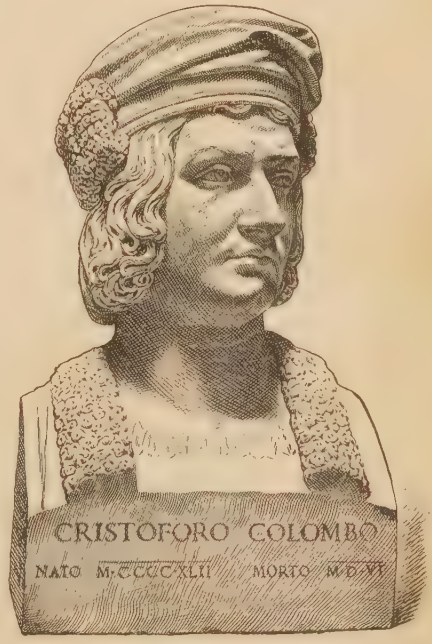
So the men turned their ships toward the ocean. Again the dragons' heads rose and fell upon the waves, and away the Norsemen sped, back to their homes. As they sailed they sang:

"I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!
I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!"

III. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

It was nearly four hundred years after the Northmen left our country, before Christopher Columbus was born.

He was born in a little town by the sea. This town was in southern Europe, where the sun shines brightly all the year, and where the sea is nearly always calm and blue. Every day ships came and went



COLUMBUS WHEN A YOUTH.

in the little harbor, and the boys and girls watched them from the wharf.

As soon as Columbus could walk, his brother used to take him down to see the ships come and go. All day long the brothers would play about among the boats that were drawn up on the beach. Sometimes they were allowed to play on the decks of the ships; so when Columbus was only seven years old he knew the name of every mast and every sail and every rope.

There were row-boats fastened to the wharf, and Columbus liked to sit and rock in them. Sometimes his brothers would row him out to the big ships in the harbor, and the boys would play that they were sailors going out on a voyage across the great ocean. Then they would talk of the wonderful cities they were going to see, and the wonderful treasures they were going to bring home.

When Columbus was old enough he would steer the boat, as you can see him doing in the colored picture, and his big brother would play

captain. "Keep due west!" the brother would shout, and Columbus would shout back, "Ay, ay, sir."

Often Columbus would sit for hours watching the sailors unload their ships. Sometimes they would let him help them, and then Columbus would go down into the hold, and into the cabin where the sailors lived while they were on board ship. He soon learned the names of all the parts of even the biggest ships, and could climb the rigging like a real sailor.

"You will make a fine sailor by and by," the men would say to him.

But best of all, Columbus liked to listen to the stories that the sailors told of far-off countries, and to look at the wonderful things that they brought from the lands across the sea.

"I shall be a sailor when I am a man!" Columbus would say to himself. "Then I shall see these far-off lands."

Now the father of Columbus was a woolcomber. He would have been very glad to

have Columbus learn the wool-comber's trade. But he soon saw that his son cared for nothing but the sea. So he said to him one day: "I will send you to a school where you can learn all about the sea. I will send you to a school where you can learn to be a good sailor!"

This was just what Columbus longed for. He could hardly wait for the day when he should be allowed to go. How he studied at this school! How fast he learned! His teachers were proud of him; and his father and mother were proud of him, too.

When the boy had learned all there was for him to learn at this school, he came home and made ready to go to sea.

He was only fourteen years old when he made his first voyage; and he "followed the sea" till he was an old man.

Most people in those days thought that the earth was flat. "If it *is* flat," they said, "we must take care not to sail too near the edge. We might sail off, down into nowhere!"

The longer Columbus thought and studied about it, the more sure he became that the earth is round. Besides, he had read books which said that the earth is round like a ball, and he felt sure that the books were right. Very few people knew about books in those days; so when Columbus began to talk about a round earth the people laughed at him.

"Anybody can see for himself that the earth is flat," the people said.

"It does not even look flat," Columbus would say. "Indeed, when a ship goes out to sea, it seems to sail down over a rounded surface. And when the ship comes back it is the tops of the masts we see first."

The people listened, but they did not believe him.

"He is crazy," they said.

"If I had a ship and some good sailors," Columbus thought, "I know I could sail out into the west and around the world."

For many years no one would believe him; and he could find no sailors brave enough to sail out into the strange seas with him.

"The earth is flat, and we should sail off the edge!" the people would say. "Then, too, there are dragons and sea-serpents out in the strange seas. They would eat us alive."

After a long time Columbus found a good old monk who listened to him. This monk was a wise man, and he believed what Columbus said. The monk went to Isabella, Queen of Spain, and said: "Here is a man who can bring great riches to Spain. Let me bring him to you, and let him tell his story."

So Queen Isabella called Columbus to the palace, and he spread out his maps and told his story. The friends of the Queen could see no sense in what he told them; they laughed at him and called him a mad-man. The King and Queen, however, believed that Columbus was right, and they promised to give him ships.

"It can do no great harm," they said, "even if he is mistaken. And if he is right, then we shall find a short way to the Spice Islands! Think how much time and money it will save!"

A Ship of the Time of Columbus.

Columbus hardly dared believe the King and Queen when they promised to help him. Were they really going to give him ships?

In 1492 Columbus sailed out from the little port of Palos in Spain, while the people crowded down to the wharves to see the ships depart.

"These men will never come back," some of the people said. "The dragons will eat them."

But there were a few wise ones in the crowd, and they said to the sailors: "Be brave. Obey Columbus. He knows what to do. Think of the glory of finding a short way to the Spice Islands!"

Then the sailors cheered: "Long live Spain!" "Long live the King!" "Long live the Queen!" "Long live Columbus!"

While the people were still cheering, the little vessels sailed out of the harbor. Out into the west, straight across the sea, they sailed for days and days.

No vessel had ever sailed so far from the coast before, and it was no wonder that the sailors began to be afraid. Would they sail over the edge of the earth? The longer the sailors thought about it, the more frightened they grew.

"Why did we ever come?" said one sailor.

"Columbus is a madman," said another.

"Why do we obey him?" said a third.

"Let us chain him up and take him back to Spain!"

"Let us throw him overboard!"

Columbus knew that the sailors were angry. He soon learned that they were planning to take the ships back to Spain. But he knew also that the vessels were nearing land. "It would be a great pity to turn back now," he thought.

So he called his men to him.

"We are very near land," he said. "Do you see the fresh branches of trees that float by? They cannot have floated far. If they had, they would not look so fresh and green. And have you seen the small birds in the air? Surely, small birds do not fly far from land!"

Still the sailors frowned and sulked.

"We don't care where we are," they muttered. "We want to get back to Spain."

So at last Columbus said, "Give me three days more. If we do not see land then, I will turn our vessels toward home."

To this the sailors agreed, and the vessels sailed on.

But how anxious Columbus was! Would he have to give up, and go back to Spain?

One morning, just at daybreak, there came a call from the first ship. "Land! land! land!" the sailors shouted with all their might.

Columbus' heart beat fast. Could it be true? Yes, there was land. Every sailor could see it.

In a few hours the vessels came close to an island. The sailors jumped into the small boats, and quickly rowed to the shore.

Meantime, the Red Men on the land had seen the ships, and they, too, hurried down to the shore.

"Why have these strange canoes come to our island?" they wondered; for the Red Men had never seen anything like them.

"Are they canoes? Or are they birds with white wings? If they are canoes, how do they move along the waters without oars?" the Red Men said to each other.

But when the Spaniards landed, the Red Men wondered still more. They had half a mind to run back into the woods. But the bright-colored clothing of the Spaniards was so wonderful! The Red Men had never seen anything so beautiful.

Now, Columbus had brought with him a great cross and a Spanish flag; and when the men were landed, Columbus set up the cross and raised the flag.

Then the sailors knelt before the cross. A good monk gave thanks to God for having brought them over the seas in safety, and the poor natives looked on in wonder. The island was very beautiful. There was fruit in plenty, and the sailors were glad to explore.

"We must be on the shores of Asia," Columbus said; for he did not know that he had come to America.

"And if this *is* the shore of Asia, we have found a short way to the Spice Islands. Indeed, this may be one of them."

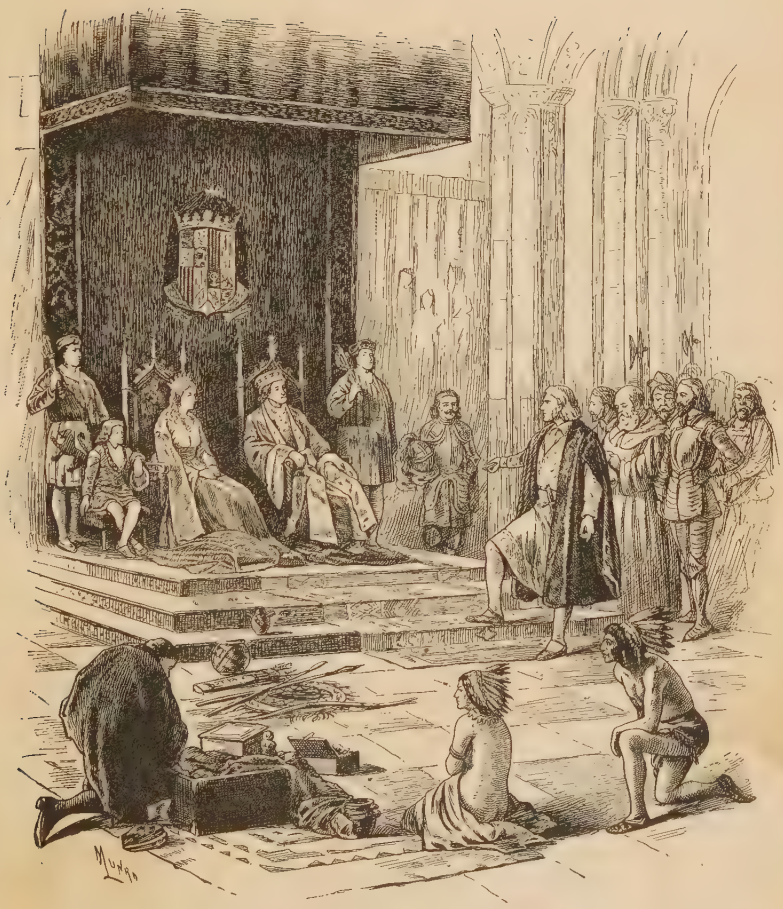
Columbus was now anxious to get back to Spain. He longed to tell the King and Queen of his success, and that the short route had been found. He longed, too, to tell them that the earth is round like a ball, and that ships can indeed sail around it.

So the sailors gathered some of every kind of fruit and flower; they seized a few of the natives, and then sailed back to Spain.

You should have heard the people shout when Columbus sailed into the harbor of Palos. It was the greatest voyage that had ever been made. For the first time ships had sailed straight across the broad ocean. And they had not sailed over the edge of the earth, and no dragons had eaten the sailors alive.

"Long live Columbus! Long live Columbus! Long live Columbus!" the people shouted.

Then Columbus went before the King and Queen, as you see in the picture opposite, and told them all about the voyage. He showed



RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS.

Adapted from the picture, by Ricardo Balaca the famous Spanish artist. The figures and objects are taken from statues and pictures of the time.

them the strange fruits and flowers, and the natives in their feathers and war paint.

The King and Queen were proud of Columbus. They gave him rich presents; and honors were poured upon him. People no longer laughed at him; they no longer called him a madman. They were anxious to do all they could to honor him; for now Columbus was a great man in Spain.

MONTEZUMA, THE LAST KING OF MEXICO.
From Montanus and Ogilby.

IV. PRINCE MONTEZUMA

THE white men at first supposed that all the people in the new world were wild and savage, like those that Leif Ericson and Columbus had seen. But this was not so; for in Mexico there were Aztec Indians, who had fine houses and a well built city. In this city lived little Prince Montezuma. His palace was almost as grand as those in Spain. He dressed in robes of beau-

tiful colors, and wore rings upon his fingers and bracelets upon his wrists, and around his neck were strings of beautiful shells. No boy in the city could shoot an arrow or throw a spear as well as he; and when the boys played at games, he was the most skilful of them all.

These Aztec people were proud of their Prince and of their fine city, with its high walls and its temples studded with pearls and precious stones. The city was built on an island in a great lake. Across the lake were fine bridges. There were so many of them that they looked like the spokes of a great wheel, with the city at the hub.

When Prince Montezuma was born he was placed in a little cradle and kept there for three days. Everybody came to look at him and to admire him, but no one except his nurse was allowed to touch him until after the fourth day.

On the fourth day the little Prince was taken up by his nurse and given his first bath, for now he was to have a name.

After he was bathed and wrapped in a beautiful robe, the nurse carried him into a great hall in the palace.

"This child shall be called Montezuma," the nurse cried in a loud voice. Then three boys, who had been chosen because they had loud voices, shouted three times, "Montezuma! Montezuma! Montezuma!" In this way the little Prince was named.

The birth of a Prince was a great event to the Aztec people; so they made pictures of Montezuma when he lay in his cradle and when he was being christened.

They were so pleased with Montezuma, that they went on making pictures of him until he was a warrior grown. On the next page is a picture of the little Prince when he was three years old. We know that he was three years old by the three circles. The man in the picture is his father. The half-circle shows that his father is telling Montezuma that he is now old enough to eat bread; but that he must eat only half a

roll. The mother in the picture is showing one of the little Princesses her half-roll.

Next is a picture of Montezuma's father, and of Montezuma when he was four years old. His father is teaching him to carry a basket so that

he may grow to be a useful boy. You see that he is now allowed to eat a whole roll. The little girl, also, is being taught by her mother to do some useful work.

Here is still another picture of Montezuma and his father. Montezuma is now five years old; and his father is teaching him to carry on his back a heavy weight hanging from his head. This is to make his muscles grow strong, so that he will hold up his head as an honest,

manly lad should. The little Princess is now learning to use the spinning-wheel.

In the next picture Montezuma is seven years old. His father is teaching him to fish with a net; for of course a Prince must never be idle. Then, too, he must know how to do everything that his people know how to do. The Princess has learned to use the spinning-wheel,

and now each of the children has a roll and a half a day.

Sometimes Montezuma did not behave very well. Here is a picture of his father threat-

ening the young Prince with punishment. Do you see those little sharp thorns in the picture? The father will stick them into

Montezuma's shoulders if he is not a good boy. See the tears running down Montezuma's face! He is promising his father that he will be good, and that he will never do so again if his father will spare him this time. If the Princess is not a good girl her punishment will be a thorn in her hand.

But alas! poor little Montezuma! He must have forgotten his promise; for here is another picture which tells us how one day when he was nine years old, Montezuma's father *did* punish him with the thorns. And the Princess must have been doing something wrong, for she, too, is being punished.

The little thing like a tongue in front of the

faces in the picture is meant to show that the father and mother are speaking.

The Aztecs could not write; so they kept the story of what their people did by means of pictures which they painted upon the walls of the temples. Some of the walls were covered with pictures; and from time to time the priests explained them to Prince Montezuma.

"Surely a Prince must know the story of his own people," the priests would say.

There was one group of pictures that Montezuma liked very much. The group told of four terrible plagues which once came upon the Aztecs, and destroyed nearly all the people.

The Prince studied these story pictures until he could repeat them as well as the priests.

Here are the four pictures, and here is the story as little Montezuma used to tell it:—

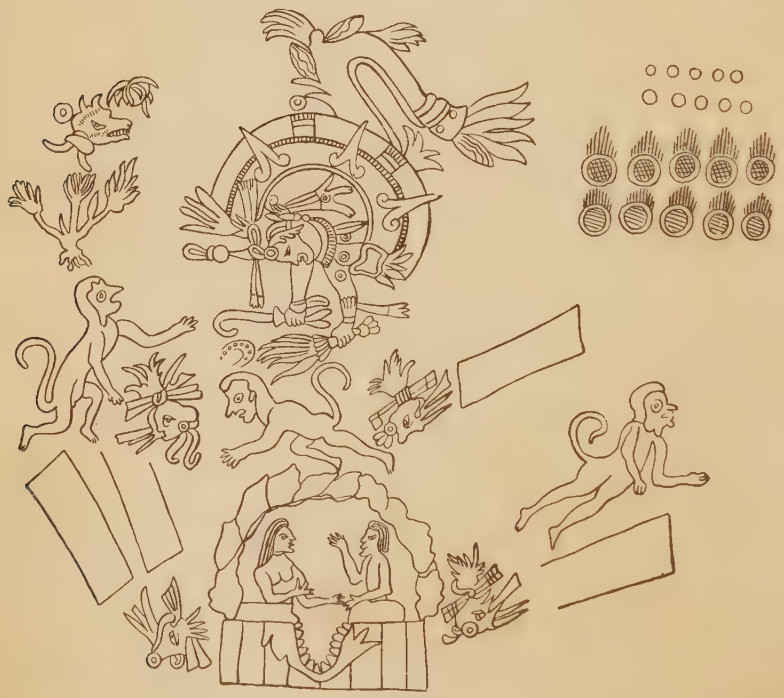
"The first picture tells of a great flood that came to destroy my people. Those who were not drowned were changed to fishes. I see the Rain god at the top of the picture pouring water

from the rain-making machine down upon my people. But one man and one woman escaped, and hid in a cave; and so my people were saved a first time. After this there was peace in my

1. The Rain.

land for four thousand and eight years. I know that by the circles in the corner of the picture; for each little circle means one year, and each of the larger, blacker circles means four hundred years.

"The second picture tells of a great wind that came to destroy my people. Some of them were



2. The Wind.

at this time changed into monkeys with long tails. But again one man and one woman hid from the Wind god, and so my people were saved a second time. Then there was peace in my land

for four thousand and ten years, as I can read from the circles in the corner of the picture.

3. The Fire.

"The third picture tells of a great fire that came to destroy my people. At the top of the picture is the Fire god with his fan in his hand.

Flames are coming out of his head, and his tail is a long line of fire. But again one man and one woman hid in a cave; and so my people were saved a third time. Then there was peace in my land for four thousand four hundred and four years, as I can read from the circles in the corner of the picture.

"The fourth picture tells of a great famine that came to destroy my people. In the picture I see the Famine god reaching down to snatch away the grain and fruit of the earth. But the Famine god did not get all of the grain and fruit. The reapers saved enough to keep them from starving; and so my people were saved a fourth time. After this there was peace in my land for five thousand two hundred and six years, as I can read from the circles in the corner of the picture."

By and by, when Montezuma grew to be a man, he was made King over the Aztec people. He no longer played with the boys of the city, but sat upon a golden throne in a grand hall. He wore

a golden crown upon his head and sat in a golden chair, and his feet rested upon a golden stool.

You should have seen Montezuma when he

4. The Famine.

ate his dinner. First his servants came and stood before the throne; then each servant offered some dainty dish to the King. The King looked at the dishes and chose the one he liked best by pointing at it with a long golden rod.

1918

Then the servant placed the dish upon a golden table and the other servants turned and went away. Then Montezuma sat in a golden chair at the golden table, and ate his dinner from a golden plate, all by himself.

He proved to be a good, kind King. His people loved him and were happy.

One day some Spanish ships came to the country of the Aztecs. The natives were afraid when they saw the ships coming toward the shore. "What can these strange things be?" they asked each other.

"They have wings."

"And there are white men in the towers!"

Then the people ran to tell King Montezuma what had happened.

"I will send presents to these strangers," said he. "But tell them that they must not come into my city."

The Spaniards did not care for what the King said, but marched straight on until they came to Montezuma's wonderful city.

"There must be much gold in this city," said the Spaniards. "We will take it." And they began at once to fight with the Aztecs.

The Aztecs fought well, for they were brave and they loved their city. But the Spaniards had guns and gunpowder, and were stronger in battle than the Aztecs.

Soon Montezuma was killed, and the city fell into the hands of the Spaniards. They broke into the houses and the temples, hoping to find great treasure; but the Aztecs had hidden it away.

"Bring the son of this King Montezuma to us," said the Spaniards.

The young Prince was brought.

"Where have you hidden the treasure?" the Spaniards cried.

But the brave Prince would not tell.

"Speak! or we will burn you with red-hot irons."

Still not a word from the brave son of King Montezuma.

The hot irons were brought.

"Will you tell us where the treasure is?" the Spaniards asked again.

"Never!" cried the Prince.

Then the Spaniards burned him with the red-hot irons as they had said they would. Still he would not tell where the treasure was.

"Stone him!"

"Lash him!"

"Pierce him with the sabres!" cried the Spanish soldiers.

But to the very end the Prince would not tell; and the Spaniards went away without any treasure.

"We have found a great city," was all the Spanish leader could say.

"But we have gained no gold," grumbled the soldiers. For the soldiers cared little for the grand city. It was gold they wanted, and this they had not been able to find.

Wampum Belt.

V. LEAPING WOLF

Leaping Wolf was an Indian boy. His father was the great chief of the Iroquois, who lived in a village of long houses south of Lake Ontario.

The Iroquois were a powerful tribe. They were so great that no other tribe dared to attack them. They liked to fight, and all their games and dances had to do with war. When a shield was to be made, the people came together to pray to the gods for success in war. When arrows were to be made, the people prayed that the arrows might go straight to the hearts of their enemies.

The scalp dance was their special delight. They held it just as the twilight began to fall. The warriors daubed their faces with gay-colored paints; they stuck feathers in their hair,

and carried drums and horns and rattles. And as if they could not make noise enough with all these, they yelled and whooped as loud as they could.

The procession marched straight into the village. Then torches were lighted; a fire was made; and the warriors formed in a circle around it.

Then the chief leaped out into the open space. He shouted the story of his wonderful deeds, and boasted of the many warriors he had slain; while over his head he waved the scalps he had taken.

When the chief had finished his story, another warrior would leap out. Then another and another, each one yelling the story of his bravery until he could yell no longer.

As each warrior finished, the people shouted, "Waugh! waugh! waugh!" which meant, "That is good! that is good! that is good!"

The houses Leaping Wolf's people built were large enough to hold several families, and

they are always spoken of now as the "long houses of the Iroquois."

Leaping Wolf had a good time in his village, for something was always happening or going to happen.

At the beginning of the year, when the moon was full, came the first great holiday for the

LONG HOUSES OF THE IROQUOIS.

people. At that time the *holy meeting* was held. Then Leaping Wolf's father and all the other chiefs came together and made speeches to one another for four whole days. Leaping Wolf was never interested in the speeches; but at the close of the fourth day there were games and dances, and in these he could take part.

In the early spring Leaping Wolf's people had their second festival. At this time the people gathered for a dance around the maple trees. They believed that this dance helped to make the sap flow. Even the babies were taken to this sugar festival, and when it was over, the mothers made all kinds of soups, sweetened with maple syrup.

Then came the festival for corn-planting; next, the strawberry festival; and last of all, the great festival when the corn was harvested.

During the long winter that came after the harvest festival, there was still much in Leaping Wolf's village to keep him amused and happy. Best of all, he thought, were the stories that his father used to tell.

"There is one star that never moves," said Leaping Wolf one night when he was out on the plain with his father.

"Yes," said his father. "Once there was no such star. But long ago some Iroquois hunters were lost on the great plains. They walked on

day after day till their corn gave out and they were nearly starved. At last they came into the land of some people called pygmies.

"'Lead us to our homes,' said the hunters.

"The pygmies said, 'A star shall be set in the sky to guide you.'

"Then this star that never moves shone out, pointing the way to the Iroquois' home. Ever since that time this star has stood fixed in the sky. All other stars change their places. Sometimes they are high in the heavens, sometimes low; but this one star never changes. It stands in one place always, to guide the lost hunters to their homes."

Leaping Wolf believed that there was a spirit in the wind, in the sun, in the moon, in the trees, in the corn — in everything. He was afraid of some of these spirits; some of them he loved. He was sure that he had seen the spirit of the corn dressed in her long leaves and silken tassels. The spirit of the squash and the spirit of the bean were very fond of the spirit of the

corn. Leaping Wolf was sure of this, for he often saw the bean and the squash twining their arms lovingly around the corn.

His father also told him that once there were terrible stone giants in the sky. These giants hated the earth people and tried to destroy them. One day the giants made up their minds to kill all the earth children they could find; so they started forth with great clubs over their shoulders.

"We will fight them," said the brave Iroquois. So the chiefs came out to meet the stone giants. They hid behind trees with their arrows ready, till by and by they saw one giant coming across the plain. He was taller than a tree, and scalps of earth children were hanging from his wicked club. Then the Iroquois warriors shot their arrows at him as fast as they could.

"Brave, brave warriors!" whispered the West Wind. So well pleased was the West Wind with the brave Iroquois warriors that he helped them fight the giants. He blew and blew and

blew, till at last every one of them was blown into the lake and drowned.

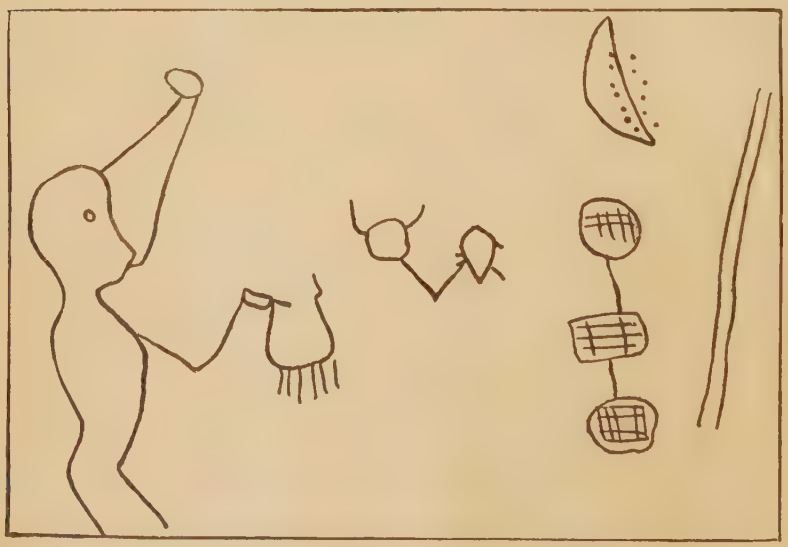
"And that is why," said Leaping Wolf's father, "the Iroquois are so grateful to the West Wind. That is why we hold a festival every year, in honor of our good friend."

Leaping Wolf once wrote a letter to an Indian boy who lived in the West. His letter did not look like one that you would write; but Leaping Wolf's friend understood it and was, no doubt, pleased with it. Here is the letter.

The warrior on the right is Leaping Wolf starting out on a hunt. The two little *v*'s show that he was gone two suns — that is, two days. The three heads show that he shot three

does. Had they been three deer, Leaping Wolf would have made horns on the heads; but as he drew no horns, his Indian friend in the West knew that they were three *does.*

Leaping Wolf's friend also wrote a letter. When Leaping Wolf read it he said, "My friend's father is a brave warrior." Here is the letter.



The man on the left is the father setting out to buy shells. There is a shell in the picture, just above the moons. This warrior met an

enemy and killed him, for there is the enemy's scalp. The three black circles show that the father of Leaping Wolf's friend travelled three dark nights.

The two upright lines at the end show that the letter is finished. That was the friend's way of closing his letter, instead of signing himself, as you would, "Yours very truly."

One day little Leaping Wolf was sitting in the doorway of his long house, making story pictures for his father.

"Soon you will be big enough to go into battle with me," his father was saying. Leaping Wolf's eyes shone, and the feathers nodded back and forth on his head. He seized his arrows in his little fist and wished that he were big enough to go into battle that very day.

"We have had no war with those savages across the lake for a long time," said Leaping Wolf's father. "They are cowards," he said; "they have no warriors, and their chiefs are like women. Ugh! ugh!"

Then Leaping Wolf said, "Ugh! ugh!" For whenever his father scowled and said, "Ugh! ugh!" Leaping Wolf, too, said, "Ugh! ugh!"

Even while they were talking, wonderful things were happening up in Canada across the lake. For Champlain, a great French explorer, had come from over the sea and had brought a number of people with him. Already these white men were living on the St. Lawrence River.

While the little village was building, some of the Indians in the neighborhood came to visit it. Now these were the very Indians that Leaping Wolf's father had called cowards. So when they saw the white men's guns they said, "Come with us and fight our enemies."

"Who are they?" Champlain asked.

"They are the Iroquois, and they live on the other side of the lake. We hate the Iroquois, for we can never conquer them in battle."

"Perhaps this will be a good way to win the friendship of these Indian neighbors of ours,"

thought Champlain. So he promised to help them against the Iroquois.

Then the Indian chief called all his warriors together and came to Champlain's village.

"First we must have our war dance," said the chief. So the warriors went into the forest and spent the whole day painting themselves and fastening feathers in their hair.

When it was dark they built a great fire; and danced around it all night long, whooping and yelling and leaping.

"Are these savages mad?" Champlain wondered as he watched them. But the Indians were not mad. It was only their way of getting ready for battle.

It was all very strange, and Champlain was glad enough when morning came and the Indians were ready to set out.

After a long march Champlain and the Indians who were with him met the Iroquois. At once both tribes began to howl and yell. This was the Indian way of beginning battle.

All night long the two Indian tribes kept up their yelling and howling; but at the same time they were busy getting ready for battle.

In the morning they were to begin to fight. Then, when all was ready, Champlain went out and stood in front of his Indian warriors.

The Iroquois were speechless with terror. Who was the white-faced warrior? Where did he come from? And what was that he carried in his hand?

Then Champlain raised his gun and fired.

Bang! Bang! Bang! and three of the Iroquois fell dead.

For a second the enemy stood staring at the dead men. What kind of an arrow was it that could kill like that! Then with a great whoop the Iroquois turned and ran.

Champlain ran after them and fired his gun again. *Bang! Bang!* and down went more of the flying Indians! With every shot from the gun, the Indians yelled louder and ran faster. Many of them were taken prisoners; and those

that reached their homes alive, talked for days of the white-faced warrior and of the wonderful arrow that he carried.

"It blazed fire!" they said.

"And it made a great noise."

"It was very strange."

Meantime Champlain's Indians were getting ready to rejoice over their victory.

"What are you going to do?" Champlain asked.

"We are going to have our scalp dance," said the Indians.

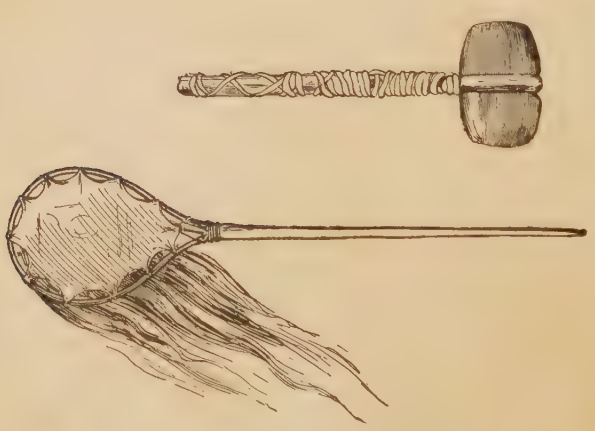
Champlain wondered what a scalp dance could be; but he soon found out. For again the Indians went into the forests to smear themselves with paint and to stick feathers in their hair. At last they were ready to come out. They carried drums and horns and rattles, and each warrior whooped at the top of his voice!

Then torches were lighted. A fire was made, and the warriors formed in a circle around the fire.

Champlain watched the chief and the warriors as they danced and shouted and swung their scalp poles round and round.

"These Indians are a strange people!" he thought.

When he went back to France he had wonderful stories to tell of his savage neighbors, and of the strange battle he had fought with Leaping Wolf's people across the river.



A Tomahawk and Scalp Pole.

The Pueblo of Taos, New Mexico.

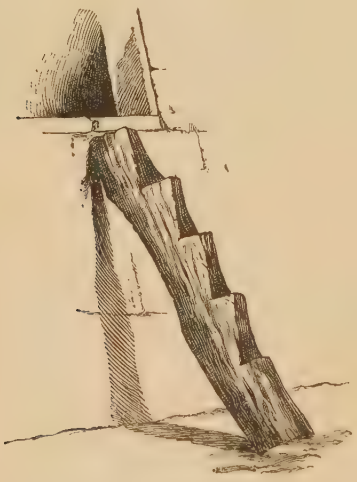
VI. THE LITTLE PUEBLO PRINCE

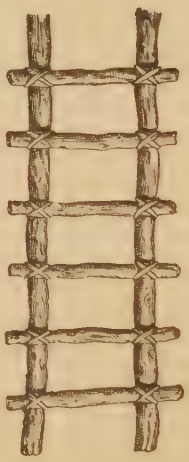
Far out on the great Western plain, many miles beyond the home of Prince Montezuma, lived a little Pueblo Prince.

He did not live in a wigwam, or in a hut, as some Indians did; nor in a palace like that of Montezuma.

The Pueblo Indians built houses large enough for a whole tribe to live in. We now call those houses *pueblos*, from the Spanish word for "village."

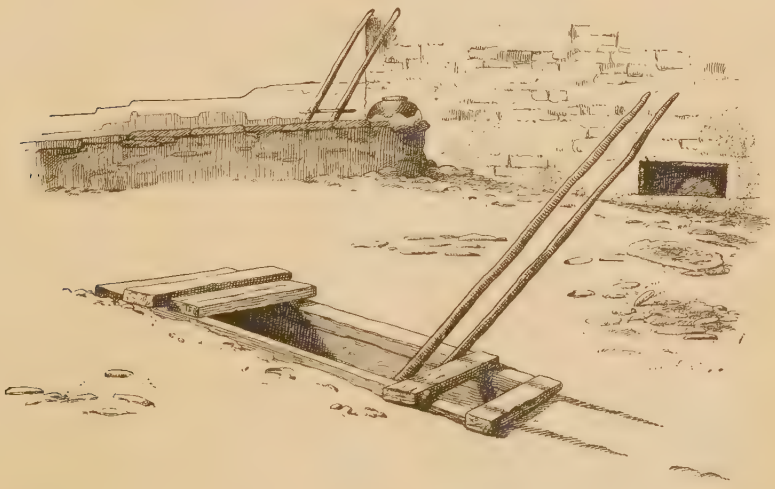
These pueblos were built of stone and clay, and were many stories high. As you can see in the picture at the beginning of the chapter, the roof of one story made a piazza for the people in the story above.





The Pueblo Indian had to climb into his home in a strange way. First, he must climb up to the second story by means of a ladder. These ladders were made in different ways, as you see in the picture. Then he must draw the ladder up after him; for if he did not, an

enemy might climb into the pueblo. Then he must go up another ladder to another story. Then up another and another, until he reached the piazza above his own home. By still another ladder, he must go down through



a trap-door in his own roof; and then at last he was in his house. Here is a picture of the roof, showing the trap-door and the end of a ladder sticking out of it. This was not an easy way to get into one's home. The Pueblo Indians had found it, however, a very safe way

to live; and in those days they thought of safety first of all.

The chimneys, also, of these houses were very odd. They looked like towers, for they were made of one or more bottomless jars, set one upon another. These jars were fastened firmly together with clay, and often were handsomely decorated. This picture is from a real Pueblo chimney.

In such a home, then, this little Pueblo Prince was born, — a little brown, black-eyed, black-haired Pueblo baby.

Proud indeed was the Pueblo King when he was told that a little Prince was born; and away he hurried to tell the glad news to his good old mother.

Then the King's mother hurried to the home of the new little Prince. She brought a nice soft blanket to wrap around the baby. But first he must be bathed in a big bowl of warm water in which yucca root had been boiled.

Next she brought a pan of soft, warm, moist ashes, and pasted the baby with ashes from head to foot. She took great pains to leave a thick paste on the baby's face; for this, she said, would give him a beautiful complexion by and by.

A bed of warm sand had been made for the baby. On this his grandmother laid the Prince, and covered him over with the soft blanket that she had brought.

Every morning for ten days, the little Prince was bathed in the juice of the yucca root and

powdered with ashes, and laid in the warm sand to sleep.

On the morning of the tenth day a change took place in the Prince's life. After he had been bathed and powdered, his grandmother carried him down the ladders of the pueblo, out upon the plain. Here his face was turned toward the rising sun. For these Pueblo people were sun-worshippers, and they took great care that every Pueblo baby should behold the sun the very first time he was taken out of the house.

After the prayers were said, and the sun had smiled down upon the Prince, he was taken back into the house. He was then bathed in yucca-root water; but never again was he to sleep in the little sand-bed. A cradle was ready for him now, — a nice little cradle with a hood-like top to shield the baby's head from the wind.

The parents thought it was a great day when the Pueblo baby was placed in his cradle. But the baby would rather have been left to sleep

away his days and nights in the sand-bed. Now his little arms and legs were straightened out and bound round and round and strapped to the cradle. He could move neither hand nor foot; and there he had to lie for days and weeks, until he was able to creep or walk about and take care of himself.

After that he was turned out to play with the other Pueblo children on the piazzas or on the plain round about the pueblo.

For a time the little Pueblo Prince's life was quite like the life of any happy little Indian boy. But by and by something remarkable happened to him.

A Pueblo priest came to the door of the house and said to the Prince's mother, "What is the name of this young Prince?"

"He has no name," the mother replied. "Give him, O priest, a name, and pray that the sun may bless him all the days of his life."

Then the priest made ready for a grand ceremony. He went into the great square of

the village and sprinkled sacred meal and offered up prayers to the sun. At one side of the square he sprinkled yellow meal, at another white meal, at another red meal; and at another blue meal. In the centre of the square he sprinkled black meal and meal of all colors.

Then the godfather of the little Prince came into the square; and with him were the godfathers of all the other little boys of the Prince's age. These godfathers carried the boys on their backs, wrapped in tanned buffalo hides. They passed before the line of priests, and as they passed, each priest gave each child a sharp blow with a yucca switch. Now the boys might show how brave they were, and how well they could bear pain.

Next, eagle's-feathers were placed in the boys' scalp-locks, and they knelt in front of their godfathers. Then with a loud cry the priests ran by the boys, and each priest gave each boy four more sharp blows with the yucca switches.

Of course the yucca switches tingled, but no Pueblo Prince would cry out, no matter how badly he was hurt. His godfather would be ashamed of him if he did; and the whole tribe would call him a coward.

While this little Prince and his playfellows were growing up, the Spaniards were making plans to march into the Pueblo country.

"We are told that there are seven wonderful cities on the great plain," the Spaniards said. "Let us go and find them."

So one day Coronado, a Spanish general, set out with a fine army of Spaniards to find these seven cities. For days and days they marched, till at last they came upon the very pueblo in which this little Prince lived. The boys were out upon the plain playing at battle, and were "making believe" shoot each other with their arrows.

Suddenly the little Prince saw something away out on the plain.

"What is that?" he cried; and all the Pueblo

boys stopped playing and looked in the direction the Prince was looking.

First, they saw something which looked like a great cloud on the horizon. Then it began to glisten in the sunlight; and at last the boys could see the bright colors of the Spanish uniform.

"It is an enemy!" shouted the Prince. And away the boys sped toward the pueblo, and up the ladders to their homes.

"Enemy! enemy!" cried the boys; and the Pueblo fathers came out from the trap-doors to see what it was.

"Enemy! enemy!" and the boys pointed to the glittering soldiers.

Then the pueblo echoed from story to story with the Pueblo war-cry. Every warrior got ready his arrow and his tomahawk. There were stones already heaped up on the piazzas ready to throw down upon any enemy who should attack the pueblo.

Meantime Coronado and his soldiers were

coming nearer and nearer. The Pueblo Indians could now see that these men were not like any enemy that had ever come upon the village before.

Then, too, the Spaniards rode upon horses, and the Pueblo Indians had never seen horses. They had never seen a warrior mounted upon an animal of any kind, and it was no wonder that the horses terrified them more even than the Spaniards did.

"This must be one of the seven cities," Coronado said. He called a halt, and he and his men examined the strange building before them.

"The people have seen us coming," said Coronado; "for there they are, hundreds of them, and they stand ready for an attack."

The soldiers rode straight up to the walls of the pueblo and fired their guns at the warriors. The warriors poured down their arrows and stones; but they could not hold out against the Spanish gunpowder and shot.

The Spaniards soon scaled the walls and stood face to face with the terror-stricken Indians.

"Surrender your city," was Coronado's order to the King of the pueblo. There was nothing for the poor King to do but to surrender.

Then the Spaniards feasted upon the corn that they found in the pueblo. In a few days they marched away, taking with them the little Prince and some of his playmates.

"These are fine boys," said Coronado. "We shall teach them to speak our language; then they will be a great help to us. They may know where we can find gold."

By and by the Spaniards saw another pueblo in the distance. "Let us hope this will be a rich city!" Coronado said.

The Indians had seen the Spaniards coming, and by the time they reached the pueblo, were ready to fight. But Coronado soon took their city and marched on again.

In some parts of the country there were high

cliffs. In these cliffs there were caves, and some of the Indians used these caves for homes.

They first made their homes among the cliffs to escape from their enemies. Then they liked their lofty houses so well that they went on living there, and would never go down into the plain except to hunt and fish.

It is said that often a baby girl born in one of these cave homes would grow old and die without ever going down into the plain. But a warrior could not stay in a cave all his life; for he must bring food to his family.

It was not easy to climb up and down the cliffs; but the cave-dweller had learned to make his way very well by means of notches cut into the rock. In the picture on the next page a cave dweller is shown making his way up to his home.

To one of these cliff homes, Coronado came.

"Go and tell them to surrender to Spain!" said Coronado to the little Prince. The Prince gave the cave-dwellers Coronado's message.

"We will fight!" was the answer they sent back.

Now Coronado and his men were nearly starved. They had no more food, and could hardly drag themselves along.

"We must take this city," Coronado said. "It is stored with corn, and we must have it."

Now there was only a stone stairway leading up the cliff, and it seemed a hopeless task to climb it. But the Spaniards were starving, and they dared try anything.

So up this staircase they charged, and again the horses and the powder so frightened the Indians that they soon begged for mercy.

The cave-dwellers were driven out from their homes, and the Spaniards entered. For days they rested and feasted.

One day the Prince told Coronado of a great city in the North. "It is greater than any pueblo, and the people are very rich," he said. "The chief of this city wears a robe of gold. There is a river six miles wide, and the people have gold canoes with silver oars."

"Let us hurry on," the Spaniards said.

For weeks they marched. It was a hard journey, but in time the place was reached. Alas, how bitter was Coronado's disappointment! The city was a small village of wooden huts. The river was a muddy stream, and there were only a few little canoes upon it.

Coronado was discouraged, and angry too. "Why did you bring us to such a village as this?" he asked the Pueblo Prince.

The Prince and his comrades began to leap and dance. "We knew there was no gold!" they cried. "We knew there was no river!"

Coronado seized the Prince by his scalp-lock. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"We hoped you would starve in crossing the desert. We hoped the journey would kill you!"

The Prince shouted and danced to show how glad he was. He was so happy to pay the Spaniards back for attacking his people.

Coronado had now only a hundred poor, worn out, half-starved men; and as he looked at them he pitied them.

"Let us go home," they said, "before we all starve." So they went back to Mexico.

These soldiers had found wonderful cities, to be sure. But they had hoped to find gold; and to them, such cities were not worth finding.

"That Prince was brave," Coronado used to say. And as long as they lived, the soldiers never forgot the little Pueblo Prince.

VII. VIRGINIA DARE

While the French and the Spanish were exploring, the English also were coming over to this new country. They had sent ships to the coast of Virginia, and had given it its name.

They said, "If this new country is so beautiful, let us make new homes for our people there."

So one day a ship with a number of English men, women, and children on board started out from England. It was bound for Virginia; and glad enough were the people when the ship drew near the shore and they could see the grass and the trees.

"It is a beautiful shore," said John White, the leader of the band of colonists.

As soon as they could, the colonists set to work to make homes for themselves in the new country. The climate was warm and there

was plenty of lumber with which to build. The soil, too, was very rich, and they soon had fine fields of corn and potatoes.

One day a little baby girl was born — the first English child born in America. How proud the father and mother were!

"She is the baby of the colony," said her grandfather, John White. "Let us name her Virginia."

The little colonial baby was named Virginia, and all the people in the colony loved her and helped to take care of her in her rough forest home.

By and by, when the colony was well settled, Mr. White said: "I shall go back to England for more supplies. So take good care of baby Virginia while I am gone. Do not leave this place unless you find that you cannot hold it against the Indians. But if you have to go away, leave a sign for me. Cut the name of the place to which you go on one of the trees near the shore."

Then John White sailed away. "Keep the colony together! Take care of the baby!" he shouted as the ship sailed out of the harbor.

"We will try!" the brave men shouted back.

It was a long journey. Then, too, England was very busy with a war when John White reached there, and no ship could be spared to take him back.

For four long years John White waited; but at last a ship was given to him, and he set sail for his colony.

As he neared the Virginia coast, he often wondered if the men would be there to welcome him. "The baby Virginia is now four years old," he said to himself. He tried to think how she would look.

Sometimes the thought came to him that she might not be alive; for a colony was a hard place for a little baby to live in. The houses were not always warm, and there was not always food enough for the people. Then, too, the Indians were dangerous neighbors.

"I hope nothing has happened to the baby, or to the colony," White kept saying to himself.

But now the vessel was coming into the harbor. The boats were lowered, and soon the sailors would be on land again.

But why did no one come down to the shore to meet them? Were the colonists gone? Where were the little houses that he had left standing near the shore?

"Surely, if they have gone away, they have left some word!" said John White. As soon as he landed he began to search for a tree that should tell him where the colonists had gone.

At last he found the letters of the word *Croatoan* cut in the bark of a tree.

Now Croatoan was the name of an Indian tribe not far away. So he said, "They have gone to the Croatoans!" But the Croatoans said that they knew nothing of the colonists.

"Did they not come to you?" Mr. White asked. "I will give you presents if you will tell me what has become of my people."

But the Indians would tell him nothing. Then away he hurried to the other tribes;

A Palisaded Village of Virginia Indians.
After cut in Hariot's Virginia.

but they could not tell him where his people had gone. At last he gave up all hope, and went back to the ship. He had tried his best,

but could learn nothing. His friends were lost, the baby Virginia was lost, and all the colonists were lost.

Years after, other white men went to the same place to found another colony. They, too, tried to find out something about the lost colonists. But no one was able to learn what happened to them.

There is little doubt, however, that the Indians knew what happened to the colonists. Some think that the baby Virginia grew up in the Indian village like a little pappoose. But we do not know, and we never shall know, the true story of poor little Virginia Dare.

PLYMOUTH HARBOR IN MIDWINTER 300 YEARS AGO.

VIII. BETTY ALDEN

BY and by more colonists came over to Virginia. These colonists had better success; and soon there was a pretty little village with many fine farms round about it.

Then other English people thought that they would like to found a colony in America. So one day another ship, the "Mayflower," started out from England. For days and days it sailed,

and by and by a storm drove it in upon the coast of Massachusetts.

It was mid-winter, and ice and snow were piled up high along the coast. The picture at the top of the chapter shows what the shore looked like at that time. Now it is covered with houses and churches and big buildings.

"Shall we land here?" said the captain.

"It is God's will," said the people.

Then the boats were lowered in Plymouth Bay, and the people sprang out upon the rock we now call Plymouth Rock.

These colonists set to work at once to build their log houses, and soon they had a comfortable little village.

One day an Indian walked into the village.

He stared at the white men, and the white men stared at him.

"The white men's hats are very strange," the Indian thought.

"The Indian's feathers are very strange," the white men thought.

By and by the Indian said, "Welcome, Englishmen!" To be sure, he said these words in a very strange way, but the colonists understood. They were glad enough to find the Indian so friendly.

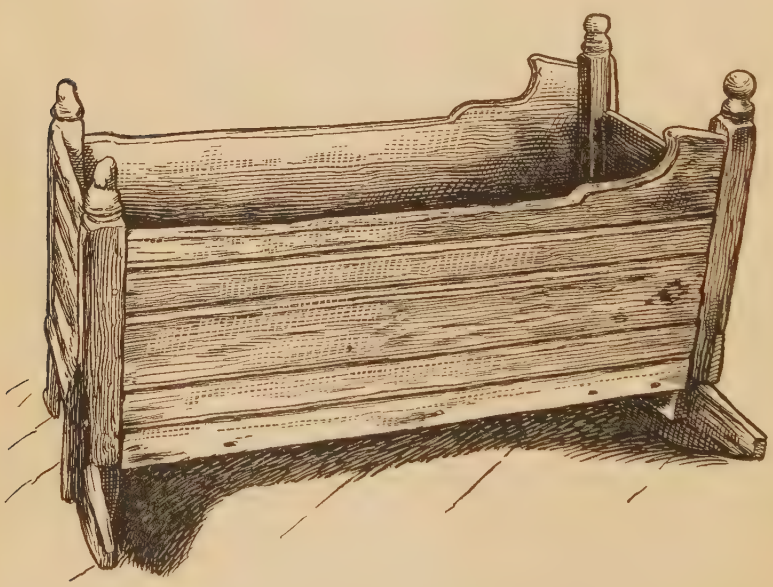
They invited him into their homes; they gave him presents; and by and by they sent him to bring his chief.

The chief came, and the white men and the chief talked together a long time. They agreed that there should be no fighting between them; and as long as this chief lived there was no trouble with the Indians.

One day a little baby girl was born in this Plymouth colony. Her name was Betty Alden, and she grew to be the roundest-faced, reddest-cheeked, happiest little girl that ever was.

Betty was less than a week old when she was taken to the meeting-house to be christened. Colonial babies were always taken to the meeting-houses to be christened on their first Sunday, no matter what the weather was.

After this first Sunday, Betty did not go to the meeting-house for some time. Then a little cage was made for her to sit in, while her father and mother listened to the long sermon. Some-



The Kind of Cradle that Betty was Rocked in.

times Betty cried, and it was often so cold that her tears froze upon her little cheeks. Betty's mother was sorry for her baby, but it could not be helped. There was no way to heat the meet-

ing-houses, and it was not the custom for babies to sit with their mothers during sermon-time.

She was rocked in a cradle made just like the one you see in the picture. When she grew older she sat up to the table in a chair just like this one. Then she was taught to walk in a funny little go-cart like that shown on the next page. And the cradle, the chair, and the go-cart have been copied for this book from old ones which have been kept all these hundreds of years.

THE KIND OF CHAIR THAT BETTY SAT IN.

Now, the people in this English colony were very strict. They thought it wicked to laugh very much, and they tried to bring up the children to be quiet and sober like their fathers

and mothers. But little Betty could not keep quiet, no matter how hard she tried.

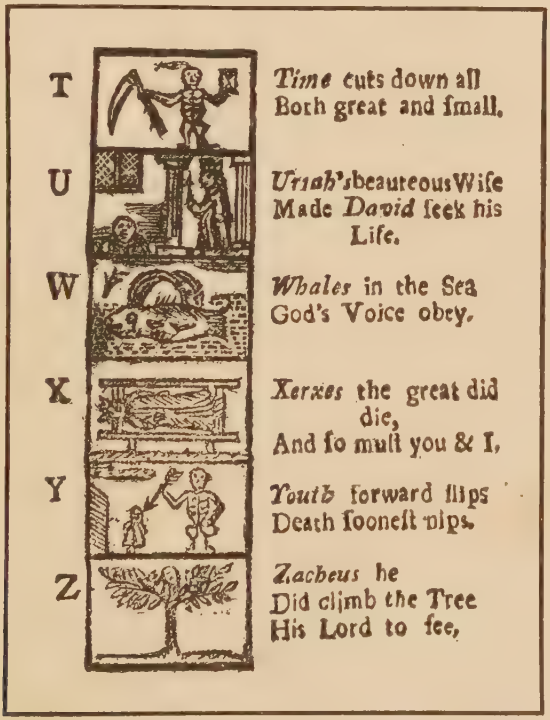
"Betty Alden is a sad romp," the people would often say. Then she would try to behave

How Betty learned to Walk.

as the people thought she should; but I am afraid that she did not succeed very well.

Betty went to the village school. It was an odd little school, and it was held in the big kitchen of one of the houses.

She learned to read from the Bible which her father had brought from England. A long



A Page from the Oldest Copy of "The New England Primer."
From Paul Leicester Ford's book, by permission of Dodd, Mead & Co.

time after, when Betty was an old, old lady, a reading-book was printed in the colony. It was called "The New England Primer."

You may think that these pages are not very beautiful, but Betty's grandchildren thought that their primer was the most beautiful book ever printed. Very soon they learned to read it through, and with their eyes shut too.

But if Betty had no reading-book in her school days, she had an old spelling-book. This she studied very faithfully, and she was taught also to make a needlework *sampler*.

Betty thought this sampler was very beautiful. When it was done, her mother put it in a frame and hung it on the wall.

Then the people said, "Perhaps Betty will grow to be a sober, quiet child, after all. See how well she has made her sampler."

There were no steel pens in Betty's school days. Each child brought a goose-feather to school, and the teacher cut this feather so that it was pointed like a pen. This was called a quill, and Betty wrote the copies her teacher made for her with a quill like the one you see in the boy's hand in the colored picture

Sometimes Betty's schoolmates did not do right. But the teacher had ways of teaching them to behave properly. When they did not learn their catechisms, there were dunce stools for them to sit upon. There were dunce caps, too, which they had to wear upon their heads until the lessons were learned.

Sometimes the teacher put pinchers on the idle children's ears, and sometimes rhubarb was put on their tongues. These punishments, the teacher said, helped the children to learn.

Whether or not any of these things happened to Betty, I do not know. Very likely not; for Betty was not an idle child.

"A good child, a good child!" the kind old parson used to say. "Betty is a good child, but a little too frolicsome."

Once Betty was ill, but she got well as soon as she could. She hoped she would never be ill again; for the doctor gave her some very bad-tasting medicine, made of senna and snails and earth-worms.

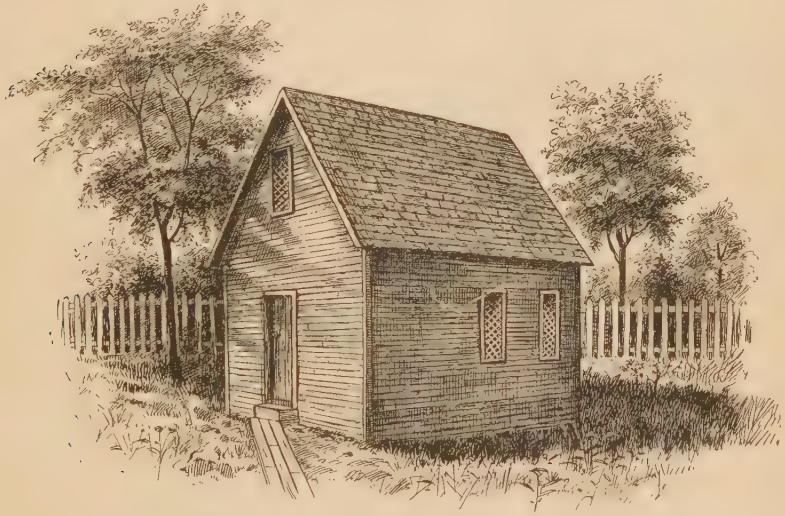
Betty was seldom allowed to eat candy; indeed, candy was very rare in those days. This is the story Betty's father always told her when she teased for candy: "Once a ship came over from England with a great deal of candy on board. The candy was sold in Boston, but it made the children so ill that the next time the ship came over it brought only senna and rhubarb for the sick children."

There is a story, but it may not be really true, that there was in a neighboring colony another happy, frolicsome little girl, very like Betty Alden. This little girl's name was Ruth. Ruth had to sit very still and listen to sermons that were hours long, and often the poor little girl fell asleep. Once, so the story said, Ruth laughed aloud in the middle of the sermon. The preacher stopped and looked at her. The tithing-man came and tapped her on the head with his long pole, and Ruth's mother nearly fainted away, she was so ashamed.

"Alas, alas!" said Ruth's mother, "I shall

never hold up my head again. To think that a child of mine should laugh in church!"

When Ruth went home from church her father took her upon his knee to scold her. But



THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND.
Built in Salem, Mass., in 1632.

what do you suppose happened? Poor, tired Ruth fell asleep, while her father was talking.

"Perhaps it *is* rather hard for a little girl to sit still so long," Ruth's father thought. So when Ruth awoke, he said to her: "Ruth, you

may wear these gold beads every Sabbath that you are a good girl in church."

How beautiful the beads were! Ruth wore

OLD HOUSE IN SALEM, MASS.
Built in the time of Betty Alden and Ruth.

them the very next Sabbath. Sometimes Ruth grew tired, and felt like laughing again in sermon-time. But when she looked down at her beautiful gold beads, the laugh would go away.

IX.

HANS AND KATRINA

Not so very far from Betty and Ruth lived two little children, Katrina and Hans Van Tassel.

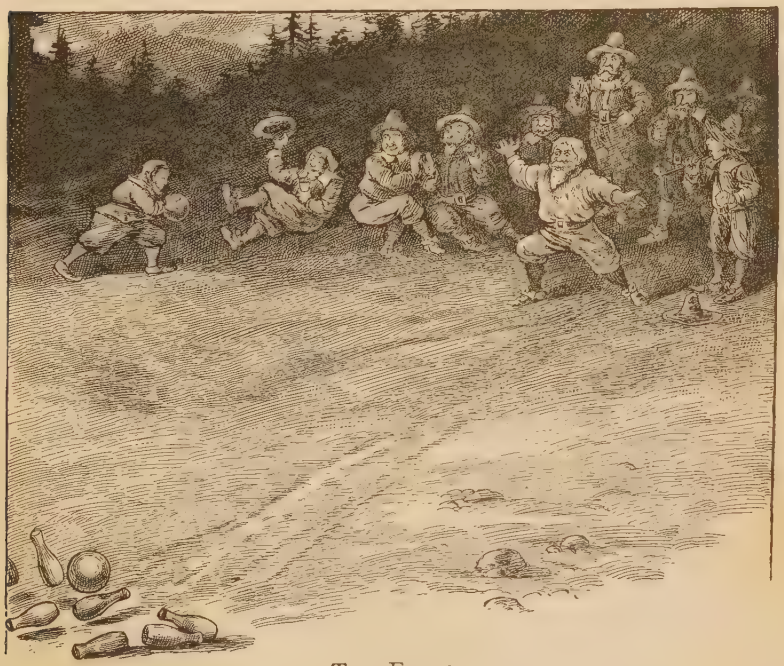
Now Hans and Katrina were Dutch, and they came from Holland with their father and mother to join a Dutch colony in the new country.

The Dutch were a happy, jolly people. They liked to have good times, and they liked to see their children have good times. Hans and Katrina were not expected to be sober and quiet, as Betty and Ruth were. They were

allowed to romp and play and dance. Sometimes they were even allowed to go to the grown-up folks' parties. Often they were allowed to sit up after dark and listen to the stories that their father and mother liked to tell. No story did Hans and Katrina like so well as the story of old Rip Van Winkle, who went to sleep and slept for twenty years up in the Kaatskill mountains.

There is a funny picture-book with the story of Rip Van Winkle in it. It has

the picture of the little short elves who made signs to Rip Van Winkle, but who could not speak to him.



The Elves.

There is the picture of Rip carrying the cask up the mountain side, and another picture of the elves rolling their ninepins.

When Ruth and Betty heard the rolling in

the skies they called it thunder; but Hans and Katrina knew better. They knew it was the elves still rolling their ninepins, just as they rolled them so long ago.

But Hans and Katrina were not always romping and telling stories. They were very busy little folks, for all they were so jolly. Katrina could sew and knit, and Hans could cut wood and drive the cows as well as any one could.

You should have seen Katrina when she was dressed for a party. She wore a funny little cap, and tied her hair in a hard knot behind. She wore a kerchief round her neck, and her skirts were full and stiff. Indeed, she wore so many of these skirts that they stood out like a Dutch cheese.

Hans wore a tight little jacket, and so many pairs of trousers, one over another, that he looked quite like the pictures of the greedy boy in the story-books.

Hans and Katrina went to school, just as Ruth and Betty did. The schools would seem

very odd to us now, but there were no lazy children in them, you may be sure. The Dutch teacher always carried a birch rod in his hand; and any child who came to school to play was sure to feel that rod.

It may be that these jolly little Dutch children were more mischievous in school than the sober little English children were. We are not sure; but both English and Dutch children had good times in their schools and with their teachers,—there is no doubt of that.

Both the Dutch and the English mothers liked to scrub and clean their houses. Their windows were rubbed until they shone like looking-glasses; and the floors were as white and clean as tables. These floors were covered with white sand. The housekeepers drew pretty patterns in this sand; for this was the only kind of carpet that they had.

The English houses were hip-roofed, but the Dutch houses were gable-roofed. The Dutch often built little stoops on the front of their

houses; for they liked to sit on these stoops in the evening and talk with the people who passed by.

New Year's Day was a holiday with Hans and Katrina. Everybody made calls on that

A Dutch House in Hans' and Katrina's Time.

day, and there were always parties on New Year's evening.

Hans and Katrina were sure to have a Merry Christmas, for it was the Dutch who set the fashion of hanging the Christmas stockings around the fireplace. And Santa Claus never

forgot to bring Christmas presents to the Dutch children.

They had good times at Easter, too; for on that day they sent each other presents of colored eggs tied with bright ribbons.

The faces of Hans and Katrina were fat and round and rosy. Perhaps it was because they had such good times. Their laugh, too, was honest and cheery. Perhaps it was because they were such honest, cheery little people themselves. No children in all the land were happier and healthier and jollier than little Dutch Hans and Katrina.

NEW YORK AS IT WAS WHEN HANS AND KATRINA WERE CHILDREN: THEN IT WAS CALLED NEW AMSTERDAM.

The House of John Hancock which faced Boston Common.

X. THE BOSTON BOYS

All this time the colonies were growing larger. Every year hundreds of people came over from England, and there were many large towns up and down the coast.

But in upon all this peace and success came a war. England had a great debt, and she thought the colonies should help her pay it.

The colonies were willing to help if England would do certain things for them that they thought she ought to do. But England was

not willing to do these things. Then came war between the mother country and the colonies, —the war of the Revolution, as it was called.

"Our soldiers will need warm stockings and blankets and woollen clothing," said the colonial women. So they set to work to spin yarn and weave cloth for the soldiers. The boys and girls did their share; and when the soldiers came the American people were ready for them.

The English soldiers first made their camp upon the Common in the town of Boston.

"This is a good place for us," they said. "We will make the Boston people bring us food; and then, too, from this Common we can keep good watch on the harbor."

On the slopes of the hill where the State House now stands were capital places for the boys and girls to skate and slide in winter.

"We must n't fail in spelling to-morrow," said a boy one day. The others laughed; for they well knew that if they did n't learn their lesson there would be no skating for them.

The next morning was cold and clear. "Good weather for the ice," thought every boy as he crept out of bed. As soon as school was over, away the boys hurried to the hill-side.

But alas for their plans for a good hour's skating! The ice had been broken everywhere; and it had frozen again with a rough and uneven surface.

"Those British red-coats have done this," cried the boys.

I am sure the English soldiers would have been terrified if they had heard the threats those Boston boys made. But there were no redcoats in sight, and the disappointed boys went home.

A few days later the ice thawed; and there came a heavy rain, followed by a week of frost.

"Now we shall have skating," the boys said. And again they watched the ice.

The red-coats, too, watched the ice, and the boys as well. One night they went again to the hill and broke the ice on the slopes with their heavy boot-heels.

"We have nothing else to do," they said; "and it is fun to see the little Yankees angry."

On the next afternoon the boys came, and again they found the ice broken and the slide spoiled. Then out spoke one of the boys.

"They have no right to break our ice," he cried. "Let us go to General Gage, and tell him what his men have done."

Away the boys ran, straight up to the door of the great British general's house.

"Why do you come here?" asked the general's servant.

"We came to see General Gage."

"General Gage has no time to talk with boys," answered the guard.

"But we must see him," the boys insisted.

"What is it, my lads?" said the general, who just then came to the door.

"We have come," said the leader of the Boston boys, "to complain of your soldiers."

"What have my soldiers done to you?" asked General Gage.

"They do everything they can to plague us," said the boy. "They knock down our snow forts, and now they are breaking up the ice on which we slide. We think it is mean — it *is* mean — for soldiers to do such things."

The boy's cheeks were red and his eyes snapped. His small fists were clenched, and very likely his voice was rather shrill and high.

The guard laughed. General Gage himself smiled a little.

"You are plucky boys," he said. "You would make good soldiers. If my soldiers trouble you again, let me know at once."

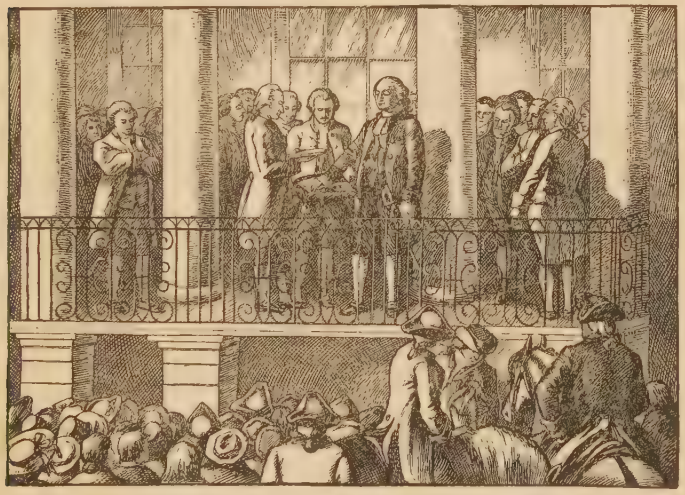
Then the boys thanked the general, and went back to their playground.

"Even the children breathe in liberty in this land," said General Gage, after the boys were gone.

After a time this war came to an end. The English soldiers went back to England, and the colonies were free.

"Now," said the colonies, "we do not be-

long to England any more. We are the American people. We will call our country the United States. And we must have a President. Who shall it be?"



GEORGE WASHINGTON BEING MADE PRESIDENT.

"George Washington," the people cried. "For he led our troops on to victory."

And indeed it was George Washington who led the troops on to victory. He deserved the honor of being President.

The capital city of America at this time was New York. So to this city George Washington went to be made first President of the United States.

There were no railroads; so he travelled in his own coach, drawn by six beautiful white horses. There was a coachman in a uniform; the coach was lined with velvet, and there were flowers of gold on the outside.

The people were very proud of their new President. As he drove across the country, they came out from the towns to meet him. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted as the coach drew near. In some towns the people scattered flowers along the road.

Often Washington stood up in his coach and thanked the people for the honor they had given him. Then the people cheered louder than ever, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for the President!"

At New York City a great ball was given in his honor. How fine Washington must

have looked! He was dressed in velvet and satin, for that was the fashion of those early times. His knee-breeches were of black velvet, and fastened at the knee with very handsome buckles. His stockings were of white silk; and he had silver buckles upon the shoes. His waistcoat was of embroidered satin, and over this he wore a rich coat of velvet. He wore also a white wig, with a long tail hanging down behind; for this was the way gentlemen wore their hair in Washington's time.

It was a great day for New York. It was a great day for the United States.

Colonial Flag of 1776.

An Old Matchlock Gun.

XI. THE ARMY OF TWO

Years after the Revolution, our people had another war with England. This was called the War of 1812, and in it many great battles were fought. When the war was over, there was no story the people liked better to tell than the story of two little girls, Rebecca and Sarah.

Rebecca's father kept the lighthouse, and Sarah was Rebecca's playmate. One day when the children were at play they saw an English ship coming into the harbor.

Now Rebecca's father had gone across the bay, and the children were alone.

"What is that?" they cried, when they saw the ship.

"It looks like an English ship."

"But what is it doing in our harbor?"

"I fear it has come for no good," Rebecca thought.

Then the children ran up into the lighthouse to watch. Yes, it was an English ship, coming straight into the bay. It had already begun its mischief; for it had set fire to a little sloop that lay outside the harbor.

"Oh, if I were a man, would n't I fight?" cried Rebecca.

"And I, too," cried Sarah.

The little girls watched and watched. What could they do? If they could only warn the people of the village! But they could not, for they had no boat.

"Could n't we scare the English away?" they wondered.

"There is a drum in the lighthouse," said Rebecca.

"There is a fife, too. Let us go and get them!"

"I can beat the drum."

"And I can play the fife," said Sarah.

Then down the stairway the two children ran to find the drum and the fife. They would play them as hard as ever they could, and perhaps the English would think an army was coming.

Then the children crept around behind the lighthouse and along through the bushes.

"Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub-dub-dub!"

"Squeakity-squeak! Squeakity-squeak!"

"Hark!" called the English captain.

"Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub-dub!"

"Squeakity-squeak! Squeakity-squeak!"

"Troops!" said the soldiers. "But where are they?" Then they listened again. The music seemed to be coming nearer and nearer.

"They are coming along the point," said the captain. The soldiers scrambled into the ship and pulled up the little boats.

"The people have seen us. We will go away and try this port some other day," said the

Captain Rebecca and Lieutenant Sarah.

captain. Then they turned the ship and sailed out of the harbor.

"I believe they were really frightened at our music," said the children.

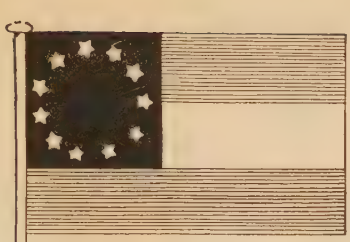
Meantime the people in the village heard the music too. What did it mean? Where did it come from?

As soon as the ship turned away, the village people hurried over to the lighthouse. And what did they find there? Only two little girls!

"Do you think we scared them away?" asked Rebecca.

"There can be no doubt of it," the people said.

From that time, as long as Rebecca and Sarah lived, they were called Captain Rebecca and Lieutenant Sarah. Sometimes they were called the American Army of Two!



THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

XII. THE BOY IN GREY

(A SOUTHERN STORY)

BY and by there was still another war in our country. This war however, was not with the English; it was between our own people in the North and our own people in the South.

It was a sad war. The men on both sides were brave and true to what they thought was right. Even the schoolboys fought in this war; and there are many stories told of their bravery.

There was one boy in the Southern army whose name was James Dinkins. He had been sent to a North Carolina school where boys are taught to be soldiers; and there he was when the war began.

The boys of the school longed to go to the war; and all the boys who were old enough went. But James was a new boy, and had not been in training very long. Then, too, he was too young to go to the war.

"But I must go," he would beg.

"Too young," the colonel would say.

One day word came that the Northern soldiers were coming, and that there would be a battle.

"I must go and fight," James said. "I cannot stay at school and let the Northern soldiers fight my people!"

So at last he was allowed to go. Very soon there was fighting, and James and the other cadets from the military school were formed in line.

"Forward, cadets!" the colonel cried. "Guide centre! Charge bayonets! Double quick!"

The bullets flew about their heads, but not a boy showed fear. Straight forward they charged, close up to the ranks of the Northern soldiers. The Northern soldiers were amazed!

"Mere boys!" they said. Yes, but brave boys they were.

There was a hot fight; the Northern soldiers fell back; and the cadets were the heroes of the day!

Now in James' family there was an old slave. His name was "Uncle Freeman." He had taken care of young James ever since he was a baby.

When "Uncle Freeman" knew that his young "Massa" had gone to the war, he begged to go and take care of him again. So when James' father came to visit his boy in camp he brought the old slave with him.

"Bress you' heart, honey!" cried the faithful Uncle Freeman. "You' ol' uncle come to take

care ob you! Gwine t' take care ob you long as ol' Uncle Freeman lives!" And from this time James had his faithful friend always by his side in battle and in camp.

One night the cadets were to sleep in a tent so small that there was hardly room to move.

"I will not go into that tent unless Uncle Freeman goes too!" said James. "I will not leave him out here in the cold."

"But you will freeze out there!" cried the other cadets.

"Then we will freeze together!" was James' answer.

After that answer, room was made for Uncle Freeman in the tent, and the old slave slept all night at his "Massa's" feet.

There came a time by and by when there was not food enough for the cadets. Winter came and they had no warm clothes. Their shoes were so ragged and worn that some of the cadets bound rags around their feet to keep them from freezing.

One day Uncle Freeman could not be found. Where had he gone? Had he run away? Was he killed? No one knew.

But one night Uncle Freeman came creeping back to his young master's tent.

"Where *have* you been, Uncle Freeman?" cried James.

"Now you hush, honey!" whispered the old slave. "See what dis ol' nigger brought his young Massa!"

The faithful servant had walked all the way to Richmond, and there he had been "doing errands" till he had earned some bread and ham. And he now brought this food to the half-starved soldier boy. How good the bread and ham tasted: for never was there a hungrier boy than this young cadet.

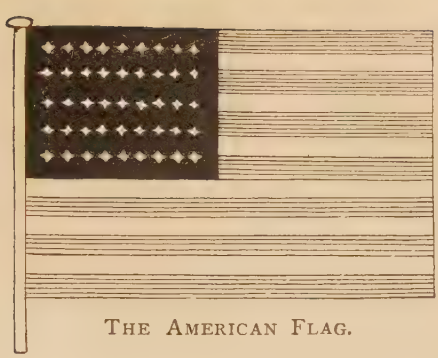
By and by the old slave died. Camp life was too hard for him; but he died happy that he was able to be with his "young Massa" to the end.

And what of James? Well, he served in the

army till the war was over, and he now lives in one of the cities of the South. He is always ready to tell stories of the war and of old Uncle Freeman. But if you should ever happen to meet this hero, you must be sure to call him Lieutenant Dinkins! For though he was only a boy, he earned that honor before the war was over.

Here is a picture of him in his lieutenant's uniform, taken in September, 1864.

He is more proud of his uniform now than when he first won it.



The American Flag.

XIII. THE BOY IN BLUE

(A NORTHERN STORY)

Harry Barton was just sixteen years old, and was a cadet in a Northern military school.

Like all Northern boys Harry longed to enlist; for every battle he read about made him more restless and eager to go to the war. A new company was being formed. Harry could not study, he could not train, he could not work. He could think of nothing but the war.

One day he wrote a letter to his father: —

> Dear Father, — Do please let me go to the war! There is no one left in the school now but little boys. I can't study. Please let me go.
>
> Your boy, Harry.

Harry's father was very sad when he read this letter. He knew what a cruel thing war is.

Still he wrote, "Yes, you may go." And Harry rushed to the recruiting office with the letter.

"See, see, I may go!" he cried.

But the recruiting officer only shook his head.

"You are too young!" he said.

"But I am large for my age!" Harry pleaded.

The officer only shook his head again.

Poor Harry, it was a bitter disappointment. But by and by another company was formed.

"We need a drummer boy," said the recruiting officer.

"If you would only take me!" said Harry.

"Can you drum?"

"I think I can." Then Harry beat the drum while the fifer played the fife.

"Good, good!" said the fifer.

"All right, then," said the officer. "We will take you along as drummer boy!"

Harry threw up his hat. "Hurrah for the Star Spangled Banner!" he shouted.

On the next day there was a great procession. The new company marched up and down the streets of the village, and Harry drummed. How proud he was of his drum and of his uniform and his brass buttons!

By and by the company was ordered out, and the soldiers marched all day long under the hot July sun. It was a hard march for the new recruits; and at the end of it Harry dropped in the ranks.

"He has a sunstroke!" said the surgeon. "He must be taken to the hospital."

For many weeks Harry lay on his cot in

the hospital, waiting to be well again. At last the surgeon said, "Well, my lad, do you want to go back to your company to-day?"

"Oh, may I go?" Harry cried.

"Your company is five miles from here. Do you think you can walk so far?"

"I can walk ten miles!" Harry said eagerly. "But do you mean that I may go to-day?"

"Yes, you may go," the surgeon answered. "And you are a brave soldier, my boy!"

Then off Harry started, his drum on his back.

"Who goes there?" called the sentinel, as Harry reached the lines.

"Hallo, Elias, is that you?" he answered.

But Elias would make no answer. "Give the countersign!" he called again.

"Now, Elias, you know who I am, and you know I don't know the countersign. Aren't you going to let me in?" laughed Harry, for Elias and Harry were old boy friends.

"Countersign, or you are a dead man!" answered Elias, coolly.

"But I don't know the countersign!"

"Corporal of the guard! Post number four!" shouted Elias.

The corporal came hurrying to the post. "What is the matter?" he said.

"Man trying to break my guard, sir!" was the sentinel's answer.

When the corporal saw Harry, he said, "Well, well! Here is our drummer boy again!"

Harry tumbled into his straw bed that night a very tired, but a very happy boy. At daybreak, the company was called out for battle.

Company D! Fall in! The enemy is upon us!"

Then Company D fell in; and most bravely it fought. It was Harry's first battle. Many of his boy comrades were killed; but he drummed bravely on, though bullets whizzed about him.

In a few months Company D went into winter quarters. It was a hard, bitter winter. Harry had never known before what it was to be cold and hungry. Then, too, the company had to drill, drill, drill, day in and day out.

How tired the boys were; and how glad they were when the sun went down, and they could rest till morning.

At last word came that there would be no more fighting. The war was ended, and the company might go back to their homes.

Alas, there were few in Harry's company left alive; for many of the brave boys had been killed in battle.

But it was a happy day for Harry when the train rolled into his own little town. The depot was crowded with people to welcome the soldiers, and Harry's father was there. "Are you there, Harry?" he called.

"Here, father!" Harry shouted back.

"Thank God!" was all the father could say when his boy leaped from the train.

"Thank God!" And the happy tears rolled down his cheeks. "War is a cruel thing, my boy," he said. "A cruel thing; and may there never be another in this fair land of ours."

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